

immediately the rats  
carried off his boots,  
a farmer unscrewed a leg  
and used it for a plow;  
a cow ate his head  
for a cabbage . . .  
a newlywed couple in delight  
withdrew his intestines for plumbing  
a starved old lady his heart  
in a wooden box for sacrifice . . .  
the wind ate into his pockets  
for no reason at all and threw  
his papers, like soiled toilet  
paper, all over the bushes . . .  
the rain and spiders  
ate through his trousers;  
so that he lay sinking  
into the sparkling hotplate desert  
like the hull of a ship  
coming loose all over  
on a reef.

-- Peter Wild

Irvine, California

tristan

life had been so easy in his early  
years, laying siege to citadels,  
chopping potbellied weightlifters down  
to size, lopping an occasional dragon's

head. then SHE came along and  
it was all over. later, of course,  
he would blame it on the spanish fly,  
but no one was really buying that.

what he didn't know was that no one  
even blamed him for it. they had all  
been bitten by the bug of love at some  
time in their teens, and lived to rue it.

the chroniclers who have him dying  
of it are as usual lying. i saw  
him last week at lake arrowhead, a  
divorcee mulatto breathing in his ear.

## The Troll

Raised by elfin in a child's garden  
of curses, I grew to my majority  
at seven months, disposed of  
the old folks in the muck beneath  
the bridge, and kept a lustful watch  
for peasant girls and princesses.

Needless to say, nothing ever came my way  
but toads and pelicans.

I moved to the metropolis  
and installed myself in a subway cigarette machine.  
I pushed one particularly surprised matron onto  
the third rail, but the p.r. gangs  
stole most of my thunder.

In Kansas City I lynched a klansman  
(owner of a chain of drug stores)  
in his lilywhite regalia,  
and the state troopers executed half a dozen spades.

Didn't get many kicks on old route six-six,  
although in Oklahoma City  
a karate black-belt tried to break my sternum.  
He's a white stripe on the highway now.

Came to L.A. to get laid.  
Seduced a fashion designer from the Toad  
who was making it with her regularly.  
Tired of her, turned her on to STP.  
Now she's climbing the walls in Camarillo --  
that's what she'd been seeking for ages anyway.

In Hawaii I met  
a jail bait heiress  
who turned me into a movie tycoon.  
Now, resplendent in six buck haircuts  
and a TR4, I live in fear of the Ogre,  
he who preys upon the nouveau riche.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California